

## MISS MONKTON'S MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU."

CHAPTER XII.  
LADY FITZPATRICK.

There was a fashionable place in those days, not a hundred miles from London which shall be called Gaytown-by-the-Sea. London people who had any reason for disliking Brighton, and yet liked sea air combined with dancing and carousing, went there a good deal. There were Assembly Rooms, a high promenade overlooking the sea, a few good shops, and a comfortable hotel. The climate was supposed to be very mild, and so it was in the first fortnight of Letitia's married life, which she spent there. She and her husband, however, did not take much part in the gaieties of the place, neither did they walk up and down the promenade. They spent most of their days away on the shore, enjoying the green tumbling sea and the fantastic forms of the yellow cliffs, picking up shells and sea-weed like two happy children. Crosby sketched, and Letitia suggested and admired. People at Gaytown wondered who they were, and what they were doing, this young couple who somehow looked more fitted for society than for roughing it as they did, making friends with the fishermen and venturing out in boats on this winter sea with most surprising boldness. Yet nobody thought the thing strange knew how strange it really was, and that the young bride herself often wondered who she and her husband were. She had married him in full faith and trust. At the moment when the mystery might have been cleared up to her by a glance at the register, her mind had been confused and her eyes blinded by tears. Since then Crosby had told her nothing, and she had not chosen to ask him; yet at times, now that the first excitement was over, she felt quite wild with curiosity. Nobody knew where they were for Crosby would not let her write. Kitty's revelations had been quite enough, he thought, to set Sir George's and everybody's mind at rest. He told Letitia that they knew everything, and were quite happy about her. Letitia smiled as she thought: "Then you can't be a tailor's son?" but she asked no questions, though she wondered how they knew. Crosby saw the wonder in her eyes and answered it: "Molly O'Brien was a traitor, and told Kitty all sorts of things."

"If they all know, why shouldn't I?" thought Letitia, but she did not say it. One evening, as they walked back along the sands, Crosby said to her: "This is rather an important day to me, and it is our last but one at Gaytown, unless you wish to stay longer. But you shall decide this to-morrow before I order the horses."

"As you please," said Letitia. "I like the place amazingly. Perhaps we may be here again some day."

"Yes; for certainly no place can be associated with more charming recollections."

"No, indeed. But what is it that makes this an important day to you?"

"It is three years to-night since I laid a wager, which I have won. And after all it was not such a foolish one," said Crosby.

The morning of the next day broke with furious showers of hail, and Letitia, who had been looking forward to a last walk, stood at the window rather disappointed. Her husband, however, was in the highest spirits. He had not told her anything yet, and now that the suspense was just over, it is said to say that Letitia's happy faith began to flag a little. She was tired, perhaps; at any rate, she thought that secrets and wagers and all such things were tiresome and ridiculous, and that it did not much signify, after all, whether her father-in-law—she was dead, too—had been an Irish tailor or an Irish squire. But she was ashamed of her ill-temper all the time, and looked up smiling when her husband pointed out a ray of sunshine shooting from under a flying cloud, and said that the weather was clearing off, and they might as well take a turn on the promenade.

"To tell you the truth, my dear Letitia," he said, "I promised to meet a friend there. So pray put your bonnet on, and let us go at once."

"O yes! What friend is it?" asked Letitia. "I had no notion that you knew any one here."

"He arrived from town last night," said Crosby; and with this Letitia had to be satisfied.

By the time they reached the promenade the sun had fairly chased the clouds away, and was shining out quite warmly and pleasantly. The sea was covered with white horses frisking, and made a great noise as it came thundering on the rocks down below. There was a fresh wind still blowing, and people who ventured on the promenade could hardly keep their feet at first. In consequence of this it was almost deserted. But at the farther end of it there was a quiet place sheltered by a wall of cliff, and here, long before they reached it, Letitia saw a lady and gentleman standing.

"Are those your friends, Gerald?" she said.

"Yes, dearest," he answered, pressing her arm, and looking down with a bright triumphant smile.

The rude wind had disarranged his wife's bonnet a little, and had blown some curls over her face. But he thought she had never looked more lovely than she did that morning by the sea, as he led her on to meet those two who were waiting for them in the shadow of the rock.

As for those two, the lady was middle-aged and the gentleman young. As Letitia came nearer, to him, she saw in his smiling dark eyes, their graceful figures, such a wonderful likeness to Crosby, that she half stopped and clung to him.

"O Gerald, who are they?"

He did not answer, for, seeing her movement, the lady came quickly forward.

"Mother, this is my wife," said Gerald, gently.

"My sweet girl!" said the lady, embracing Letitia, who felt as if she was in a dream.

"Will Lady Fitzpatrick spare a word to her brother Dennis?" said the young man after a moment; and Letitia turned round to shake hands with the stoutest possible likeness of her husband. Only Lady Dennis was rather shorter, and not quite so ornamental.

"Ah, now tell me who he is," said Letitia, looking up at Gerald's mother with all the earnestness of an Irish girl.

"Do you mean to say he has not told you? You poor, dear, heroic creature!"

"Why, my lady, of course he has not told her," exclaimed Dennis, laughing.

"He would have lost that wager of ours, which I have regretted so bitterly ever since."

However, my five thousand pounds won't go out of the family, that is some comfort. Now, Fitzpatrick, I hope you mean to pay your debts. By-the-by, all is smooth for you with Sir George Monkton. We met him in town the day before yesterday. He attacked me like a raging lion, actually mistaking me for you—that's a compliment for you. I could not have pacified him, but her ladyship took him in hand and brought him to reason."

"Hush, Dennis; remember who you are talking of," said his mother. "Come, dear Letitia, I'll walk to your lodgings, and we will leave these two rattlebrats to settle their own affairs. I am afraid this distracted wagger of theirs has cost you a good deal of suffering."

"O no," said Letitia, as the lady took her arm, and walked with her towards the town. "I could not have been happier. But pray tell me who he is, and all about it."

"My dear, I can't understand your not knowing. He is Lord Fitzpatrick, of course. Only an Irish peerage, people will tell you; but for my part I think we are as good as the English. As to this wagger, he began by spending large sums on building and improving, and a great deal of nonsense. He went beyond his income and got into difficulties. Then he resolved to volunteer into the army. His brother said to him very naturally, that no doubt his name would get him a commission at once. This hurt Fitzpatrick's foolish pride. He told Dennis he would lay him a wager of five thousand pounds that he would keep his name and birth a profound secret for three years, be known as nothing but an adventurer, and get on in the army as well as any other man. He even said that if any stories were invented as to his birth, he would not contradict them. We never thought such a mad idea could be carried out for three years. He has done it, however, and has contrived to win you, too, by far the gayest feather in his cap. I am obliged to respect him now."

Lady Fitzpatrick talked a good deal more about her sons and their wagger; but this was all that Letitia cared much to hear. Except that she was glad to find the dear name Crosby not quite an imagination; it was his mother's name. And Gerald was really his own.

The story of Miss Monkton's marriage may as well end here. One has the satisfaction of knowing that Letitia never regretted her trust in the Irish adventurer.

Sir George was angry for some time, and did not finally forgive him till Humphrey Barrett, having married a rich brewer's daughter, deserted his political colors, and came in for the county on the wrong side, which was his father-in-law's. After this Sir George repented, and was very civil to Lord Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. Bushe took up her abode with Letitia, and lived on the most affectionate terms with her and her husband. Letitia's children grew up to love her and tyrannize over her as their mother had done before her.

But I will not say anything about Letitia's children, charmingly agreeable people as they are. I can only think of their mother as almost a child herself, dancing round the room in a white frock, all her curls shaking, or trotting smilingly along the snowy shrubbery, wrapped in scarlet, to her first meeting with the hero of her dreams.

THE END.

A Second Wedding Ring.

[All the Year Round.]

Samuel Bishop (died 1795), Master of Merchant-Tailors' School, wrote some poems, the best of which is in praise of his wife on the anniversary of her wedding day, which was also her birthday, with a ring:

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—  
So fourteen years ago I said.  
Behold another ring! For what?  
To wed thee over again? Why not?  
With that first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;  
Taste long admired, sense long revered,  
And all my Molly then appeared.  
If she, by merit since dislodged,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit now  
To justify a double vow:  
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,  
With ardor as intense, as pure,  
As when amid the rites divine,  
I took thy truth, and pledged mine)  
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring  
A token and a pledge I bring.  
With this ring I wed, till death us part,  
Thy ripe virtues to my heart:  
Those virtues which, before untied,  
The wife I wooed to the bride;  
Those virtues whose rosiest claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience sake, as well as love's.  
And why? They show me every hour  
Honor's high thought, affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things—best repentance.

This, from Peck's Milwaukee Sun, is very good advice: "A man has just died in the Portsmouth (N. H.) Poor-house who was one hundred and eighteen years old and who had been an inmate of the Poor-house for seventy-six years. Young man, if you want to live to a good old age, quit your carousing and go to the Poor-house."

Eureka Leader: "Women or whisky, which wins? is to be the title of a Eureka clergyman's sermon in the near future. That's a poser. Both are so adulterated nowadays that they aren't safe to bet on, but we'll take whisky against the field, and if that don't suit we'll take whisky anyhow."

## CRIME AS AN ATTRACTION.

How the Accessory in the Fadda Murder Draws at the Circus.

[Borne Correspondence.]

We have had what may be termed a singular epilogue to the drama of the Fadda trial. It will be remembered that Antoinetta Carrozza, the mistress of Cardinali, was acquitted on the score of her complicity in the murder having been due to "irresistible force," as the phrase goes here. This phrase is too often used to excuse what is inexcusable, and to shirk the due legal punishment for crime. A man gets into a blind rage and stabs another dead in some trivial quarrel, and his advocate points out to the jury that the assassin was the victim of irresistible force.

But in Carrozza's case her advocate pointed out that by "irresistible force" he intended a real tyranny and pressure exerted upon her by Cardinali, in whose power she and her children were. Be this as it may, she was released from custody, as we know, after undergoing a year's imprisonment previous to and during the trial. Almost immediately it was stated in the public prints that several rival circus managers were in treaty to secure her services, and finally it was announced that she was engaged by M. Suhr, of the Politama, to appear at his circus for ten nights. It is stated that she receives 200 francs a night for each performance. Now, this woman is utterly inefficient in her calling. She has neither natural grace nor artificial training to enable her to delight or astonish the public by her feats.

Moreover, the little she ever could do has been, of course, diminished by the physical results of a year's imprisonment and thirty days of such a harrowing trial as she has just undergone. There is, therefore, no room for discussion as to the grounds on which Mr. Suhr has thought it worth while to engage her at a large salary. Those grounds are simply the horrible notoriety she has acquired from the Fadda murder case, and the feverish interest and curiosity of the public as to all concerning the case. She was an accessory before the fact to a cruel and cold-blooded murder; and for this reason, and no other, the circus manager conceived that she would attract large audiences. His anticipations have been more than fulfilled.

The Politama—a very large house—was crammed to overflowing on the night of her first appearance, and there is no doubt will continue to be so during her engagement. Hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission, and such was the concourse without, as well as within, that the manager requested to have an extra force of police to keep clear the approaches to the theater. It is calculated by one of the Roman daily papers that not fewer than five thousand persons flocked to the Politama on Monday evening to witness the debut of Antoinetta Carrozza. And it is as well to note that these five thousand were by no means drawn exclusively from the lower or even the lower middle class. There were personages of political and social celebrity, honorable Deputies and ladies of rank and fashion.

But the magnitude of the gathering was not the most remarkable feature of the evening. What was especially striking was the reception accorded to Carrozza. Before her appearance a printed paper was circulated in the theater, in which it was set forth that there had been rumors of a "hostile demonstration" prepared for her; and the manager appealed on her behalf to the well-known generosity and civilization of the public of the metropolis, &c. Whether this paper was a mere reclamation to increase the interest of the situation, or whether some expression of disapprobation was really feared, I can not say; but no sooner did Carrozza appear in the arena than she was greeted with a shout of applause. There were even handkerchiefs waved and cries of "Vival!" and at the end of her poor performance, which it is agreed on all hands, was below mediocrity, she was applauded with renewed enthusiasm and recalled several times. The scene, besides being very singular, was, to a certain extent, painful. The wretched heroine of the evening was evidently suffering from intense apprehension and excitement, and the gaudy and brilliant costume which she wore served only to emphasize the misery which it could not disguise.

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